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history, and the records of the country, shall give them an honourable place among those who have sacrificed at the shrine of their

country's happiness, their worldly interests, their personal freedom, and their lives.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

VIRTUOUS RESISTANCE TO THE MANDATES OF POWER.

WHEN John Euhuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, received the mandate for the massacre of the Hugonots, he convened the magistrates to his church, as he was ordered; but instead of reading that infamous warrant, he preached a most impressive sermon, on Christian charity, which wrung tears from the most obdurate; and then showing the warrant, he indignantly tore it, scattered the fragments on the steps of the altar, and tramping upon them,—“Go!” said he, “you who expect mercy from God!—Go—if you dare!—pollute your hand and your hearts in the blood of your brethren! Go!—excite a day of mourning for Christianity, and brand with indelible disgrace the character of the French nation!” The whole audience, electrified by his manner, as by his words, burst into acclamations of charity. They invited their Hugonot neighbours to dine with them next day: mutual invitations finished the work of mercy.

THE ORTHODOX KNAVE.

Jurieu, who in the latter part of the 17th century, published many interpretations of the prophecies which were not fulfilled, and whose fantasies it was some time ago fashionable to revive, as applicable to the French Revolution, speaking of one of his friends, says, “He is a knave, it is true: but he is orthodox.” In the opinion of the grave

divine, orthodoxy conferred merit on a vicious character. Such opinions are not uncommon at present. The man was afterwards called the *Orthodox Knave*.

TASTE FOR THE SUBLIME.

I once heard a clergyman of the church of Scotland (who was a Professor also,) make the following endeavour in his prayer to surmount the sublimity of the passage in Genesis, “Let light be—and light was.” The way he took was by using the step-ladder of a long word, divided, by slow articulation, into its distinct syllables. “O! Thou,” said he, “who didst speak the words, ‘Let there be light, and *im-me-di-ate-ly* there was light.’” Yet this good man did not hesitate to lecture on Longinus, and particularly to praise the sagacity of the great critic which first distinguished the sublime passage of the Jewish historian, with his unqualified approbation. It is indeed most sublime, and a test of taste in the sublime. Omnipotence is concentrated at the very moment of creation, and the effect flashes from the fiat of the Almighty. As light itself pierced through the chaos, so has this passage, with momentary speed, made its way through the darkest periods of history, and attracted universal observation. Even the genius of Milton has injured it by gorgeous amplification. There is a sublime which expatiates, like Cicero, in a copiousness of words; there is a superior sublime which disencum-

hers itself as much as possible, throws aside the scabbard of words, and unsheathes the shining weapon, like Junius, that dazzles the eye in the same instant in which it penetrates the breast. Johnson prepared himself for the combat, like the turbaned Turk. Junius, like the succinct Spartan. The singular merit of the expression—“Let light be—and light was,” (as I should wish it translated,) seems to consist in it imitating, or being mimetic of the event in nature which it dares to describe, and therefore any words more than are absolutely necessary would mar the *instantaneity* of the representation.

X.

TASTE FOR THE PATHETIC.

I have seen a play called Panthea and Abradates, which may be called the art of diluting the pathetic. It is a painful paraphrase on a few words of the admirable, and amiable Xenophon, in his *Cyropædia*, a work delightful for Spartan sentiment, and attic felicity of expression, in which the thought is, as it were, transparent, through the pure simplicity of the language. Abradates, King of the Susians, was the ally of Cyrus, in his war against Croesus, and was accompanied to the field of battle by his wife, Panthea, who had fitted on his armour, and after pathetically recounting her obligations to Cyrus, along with her dear devotion to her husband, took her last leave by kissing the wheels of his chariot, while he prayed aloud to Jupiter, that he might on that day show himself worthy to be called the friend of Cyrus, and the husband of Panthea. After the battle Cyrus asked who had seen Abradates, wondering that he as usual did not come foremost to congratulate him on victory. He is told that the brave man, with all his companions, lay on the field of battle, and that his wife was sitting be-

side the corpse. Cyrus drove his horse on the instant to the place. “And when (the words of Xenophon,) he saw the woman sitting on the ground, beside his dead friend, he exclaimed, in a burst of tears, ‘Alas ! my faithful and beloved, why have you gone and left us behind ?’ And saying so, he took in his hand, the right hand of the dead man—and *the hand followed*, having been cut off, but replaced by his wife. When Cyrus saw this, he was affected with still-severer grief. And the woman wept, and taking the hand from Cyrus, kissed it, and again put it in its former place ; and she then said ‘*Καὶ πολλά τοι, ὦ Κύρε, πτωχὸς ἔχουσιν*—even so, it is *with all the rest*.’ I exhorted my husband, O Cyrus ! to approve himself your friend. He thought not of himself, but how he could most and best be of service to you. Thus has he finished well his last day of life ; but I sit, *living*, by his side.” For the remainder of the story, see Xenophon, whose language must suffer by all dramatic amplification. In all instances of the pathetic, the words are few and simple, and the thought endeavours to communicate itself almost without a medium. Thus when Lear says to Kent, who had beseeched him to take shelter from the storm—“Wilt break my heart ?” Or when he says to his unnatural daughters—“I gave you all ;” or in innumerable instances in the scriptures, words seem almost discarded, to enhance the worth of the expression.

X,

THERE IS A CHARM IN SOUNDS.

The line in Latin poetry that sounds most sweetly to my ear, is not in one of the ancient classics, but from a poet comparatively modern, introducing the most elegant dedication which I think ever was written. I allude to that dedication,

written by George Buchanan to Mary, Queen of Scots, and prefixed to his translation of the psalms.

" *Nympha, Caledonie quæ nunc felicitæ ora*
" *Missa per innumeros sceptræ tueris avos,*
" &c."

There is an effect which the repetition of the first of these foregoing lines has in striking a sort of unison on the heart-strings, and in thus harmonizing the mind, ruffled and irritated by external circumstances of a harsh and disagreeable kind. I suppose Parson Adams kept some Greek verses in the cabinet, or cup-board of his memory, which he used as a charm to chase away the ill omened birds that haunted the rookery of his imagination. It is thus when Cymbeline recognizes the sweet voice of his lost daughter, Imogen, although concealed in strange attire, and stranger company, he instantly exclaims, "The tune of Imogen," and all the turbulence of his mind became still. Thus, in the fiercest paroxysms of passion which Peter the Great used to experience, either from infirmity of constitution, or the habits of barbarism, no sooner did the sweet voice of Catharine the Livonian salute his ears, than the civilized savage, at the same instant, laid his head upon her lap, and fell into a quiet slumber. I knew an eminent advocate, who always, on returning home from the turmoil of the law-courts, laid the bow over a bassoon that was stationed in the corner of his room for the purpose of its daily good offices, and although to a common ear it seemed to grate a harsh thunder, yet perhaps it had the better effect by changing the tone of mind, not at once, but by gradation. A few strokes of the bow never failed to bring the mind into a proper key for homefelt delights, and social enjoyment. The

distant din of the Four-Courts was scarcely to be heard.

Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.

X.

OUR SOVEREIGN LORD—THE PEOPLE.

Clotworthy Upton (ancestor of the present Lord Templeton; but who, what, or where *he* is, the present writer knoweth not,) was accused, about a century ago, (in 1712,) of drinking to our sovereign lord—the people, as the original (under God,) of all government. He upheld against the loyalism of that day (which was in reality founded on passive obedience and hereditary right,) that conditional subjection, which was the very basis of the glorious and immortal revolution; and in doing this he restored, at the same time, the monarchy to its glory, and the people to their liberties. At all times in our history, there have been individuals ennobled by nature, who, in proportion to the falling 'off, in numbers, to the undue influence of the Crown, have endeavoured, by their preponderance, to preserve the true balance of the constitution, under the risque of being called, as the upright Upton was in his day, a commonwealth's man, or, according to the opprobrious epithet of the present day, a Republican, or a Jacobin. It is the forlorn and ultimate hope of liberty, that the extravagance of principle (a court principle,) on the one side, never fails to call forth a similar extravagance of principle on the other, to preserve an equiponderance. It is a Leo who creates a Luther, and a Pitt that generates a Paine. It is the papacy of prerogative that, in different eras of history, either accomplishes reform, or necessitates revolution.

X.